PSALMES OR PRAYERS taken out of holye scripture.

Londini.

AN. M.D.LXII.

1534

Psalmo. 101.

The Lorde turneth hym vnto the prayer of the poore destitute, and despiseth not their prayer.

Colloss. 4.

Continue in prayer, and watche in the same with thankes geuing.

1. Thessal. 5.

Reioyce alway, praye continually, in all thynges be thankefull: for this is the will of GOD in CHRISTE IESV towarde vs.

The fyrste Psalme
For the obteyning remission of sinnes.



LORDE OF Lordes, God almightie, great & dreadfull, whiche by thy worde hast made heuē, earth, the sea, and all thinges conteined in them.

Nothyng is able to resist thy power, thy mercie is ouer all thy workes.

All thynges be vnder thy dominion and rule: both man and beaste, and all liuing creatures.

Thou art mercifull to whom thou wilt: and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth thee.

Thy counsaile shall stande for euer: and what so euer thou wilt shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glory is thyne: whiche arte aboue all thynges and in all thynges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies, and God of all grace, peace, and comforte: whiche wilte not the death of a synner, nor deliteſt in the damnation of soules.

O lorde God, whiche art riche in mercie, and of thyne especiall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thine enemies by synne, diddeſt send into the worlde thine only begotten son Jesus Christe: that who so euer beleueth duely in him shall not perishe, but haue euerlasting life.

Haue

Haue mercie vppon me, haue mercie vppon me, accordynge to thy great mercy.

And accordynge to the multitude of thy mercies, put awaye myne offences.

O God moste holy, washe me from my wyckednes, and make me clene from mine vncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O lorde) myne heinous sinnes: and accuse my selfe of myne vnryghtuous dedes.

I confesse against my selfe the wickednesse of my harte, whiche hath been euer vnfaithfull, and rebelling against thy preceptes.

I haue been an vntrue and a frowarde childe to thee, and haue prouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offen-

ded thy diuine maiestie: and am not worthy to be called thy son.

Because I prouoked thee to angre through the multitude of my sinnes: and haue not exercised my selfe in thy rightfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy waies, and done euill before thee.

I haue done wickedly, and vniustly behaued my selfe, leauynge thy cõmaundementes, and murmuring against thy correction.

I haue turned my selfe awaie, and not kepte my promyse made vnto thee: I haue walked in an euill waye after myne owne thoughtes and fantasies, chosing the thinges that thou wouldest not.

O lorde God almightie, I haue not feared thee, nor shewed due reue-

reuerence vnto thee: but I haue
been disobedient and stubburne
vnto thee.

As a common harlot is with-
out shame, euen so am I without
shame of my synnes: for beholde,
I speake vnto thee, & yet I sinne
more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is
good, and gone backe from thee:
and I haue not put my truste and
hope in thee, my maker, but haue
sought for helpe and sauegarde
otherwyse.

I haue plowed wickednelle,
and reaped iniquitee, and eaten
the fruite of lies: because I haue
trusted in mine owne waye.

I haue cast thy lawes behinde
my backe, not regardynge thy
commaundementes, nor leauyng

mine owne leude customes.

I haue not geuen my herte to retourne to thy pathes: For I woulde not knowe thee, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daye turned truly vnto thee with all my hert: but as a woman that breaketh hir fidelitee and promyse vnto hir husbande, euen so (O Lorde God) I haue broken my promise vnto thee.

For I haue liued abhominably, and haue had no remors nor repentaunce for my euill deedes, but haue ronne frō sinne to synne, folowyng the leude desires of my herte.

Thou knowest all thinges (O lorde) how I haue prouoked thee to displeasure by my lewde inuen-

uencions: & none of all my sinnes be hid from thee.

I hated thy discipline and correction: and regarded not thy wordes and saiynges.

I haue not done penaunce for my malice: but haue encreased in muche vanitee.

My herte hath been voyde of truthe: and my handes haue wrought vnrightuousnesse.

My touge hath spoken sinfully: and I haue laboured with the imaginacion of my herte to synde out lyes and deceites, & no truthe hath been in my wayes.

I haue accustomed my tongue to speake trifles and vanitees, fulfyllynge my fleshely desyres and thoughtes: my purposes and inuencions haue been con-

trary to thy wyll, whereby I haue offended the eyes of thy maiestee.

Thou hast seen all these thynges (O Lorde) and haste holden thy peace, and yet they were euill in thy sight, and displeased thee.

In thy angre thou haste caste me away, and arte diuided from me now many dayes.

Thou haste geuen me vp to the desyres of my hert: to doe the thinges whiche be not seming.

VVo I am, that I haue gone from thee, great is my myserie, that I haue led my life in sinne.

VVo is me, that I haue forsaken thee to do my deuises, not after thy mynde, to accomplyshe my thoughtes, whiche haue not proceded of thy spirite, but haue hea-

heaped vp ſinne vpon ſinne.

Myne infamie and repꝛoche is dayly befoꝛe myne eyes: and foꝛ ſhame I dare not ſhewe my face.

And nowe (O loꝛde God) why foꝛgetteſt thou me? why kepeſt thou awaie ſo longe thy mercie from me?

Here now my cauſe graciouſly, although thou haſt been diſpleaſed with me a great whyle: foꝛ thou art mercifull: be not angry alwaies I beſeche thee.

Caſt not away a contrite and a penitent perſon, a wꝛetche, and an abiecte, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne agayne a lyttle toward me (O loꝛde God) and foꝛgeue me my miſcheuous dedes.

Oꝛ-

Ordre me not accordinge to my synnes, nor punisshe me as my wickednesse deserueth.

Shewe not forth thy power agaynst a poore wretche: persecute him not so sore, whiche is without all strengthe.

Turne not thy face away from my prayers: but accordynge to thy promisses, take me agayne vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O rightuous father) whom thyne onely deere sonne hath redemed with his precious bloud.

And nowe my soule abhorreth my olde conuersacion: and of the (whiche arte iudge of all men) I aske mercy.

I do submit my selfe vnder thy myghty hande: for after thyne

angre

angre thou shewest mercy, and in the tyme of tribulacion thou doest forgeue sinnes.

I acknowledge, that I am a synner, beseechyng thee, lorde God almightie, of thy goodnesse to do with me accordingly to thi great mercie.

I am confounded and ashamed to lyfte vp myne eyes vnto thee, for my synnes are ascended vp vnto thy syght.

Against thee (O father) against thee I haue sinned, and done euill before thee: thou seest that mine iniquitee is great.

Truly I haue been an offender against thee, euen from my cradle, and synce I sucked my mothers breastes I haue not ceased to doe euill.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitee: & my mother broughte me into this worlde defiled with sinne.

For the corne of an euill seede is sowed in my herte, and howe muche wickednesse hath spronge therof vnto this daye, thou knowest, O Lorde.

I can not shake of my sinnes and offences, but I carie styll with me thinfamie of my youth.

Beholde Lorde, I am sold vnder sinne, and in my flesche I finde not that whiche is good.

For the good that I woulde, that doe I not, but the euill that I hate that I doe.

All the thoughtes and imaginacions of my herte, haue been set to do euil, euer sence I was yong.

O why

O why doe I die in my sinnes Lorde God: seyng thy will is not that a sinner die but retourne frō his sinne and liue.

For thou arte good and merciful, and accordinge to thy great mercy, saueſt theim that bee vnworthy.

For al be it no man is able to beare the punishement, whiche thou doeſt threaten againſt synners, yet the mercy, whiche thou haſte promiſed, is great and vnſercheable.

Thou haſte shewed mercy a thouſande tymes heretofore: to make thy name glorioufe as it is euen yet ſtill.

The olde fathers in their neceſſities cried vnto thee, and thou dyddeſt delyuer theim: they put

their

their truſt in thee: and they were not confounded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wiſte not what to doe: this was their only refuge, to lift vp their eies to thee.

Thou diddeſt ſaue them for thy names ſake, to ſhewe in them thy might and ſtrength.

Many a tyme they prouoked thee through their iniquitees, and ſtyrred thy goodneſſe to dyſpleaſure.

yet whan thou ſaweſt their tribulacio, and their lowly ſubmiſſion vnto thee,

Thou diddeſt remembre thy promiſe, and by and by haddeſt pitie and compaſſion vpon them: according to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord God omnipotent) haue mercy vppon me: for I am a miserable and a wretched creature: Make me hole I beseche the, whom thou haste striken for my sinne and iniquitee.

My soule is troubled gretly: and howe long (O lorde) wylte thou not loke towardes me?

How long wilt thou reiect my praier thus cryngout vnto the? wilte thou here me at no tyme? howe longe wilt thou tourne awaie thy face from me?

Where be thi old mercies (O lord) whom thou hast stablished in thy truthe.

Wilt thou now (O lord god) ceasse to shewe mercy? or wylte thou withdrawe thy goodnesse

for displeasure.

Hast thou cast me away for euer: that thou wilt neuer hereafter be pleased with me?

Thy hande is not weakened, but it may helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe longe shall my mynde be troubled with peinefull and heauie thoughtes? Howe longe shall sorowe torment my herte?

Howe long shall mine enemy haue the ouerhande of me? loke towardes me (lorde God) and here my prayer.

Geue light to mine eies, for I haue slepte to longe in deathe: and my sinnes haue preuayled against me.

Turne againe, O lorde, turne

againe

againe, and deliuer my soule: and saue me for thy greate mercies sake.

Lo now is the accepted tyme: nowe be the daies of health and grace.

In death who shal remembre thee? in hell who shall laude or praise thee?

He that liueth, he that liueth, shall prayse thee: and shall make thy mercy knowen.

Lorde rebuke me not in thine angre: nor punisshe me in thy great displeasure.

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor lay not thy heauy hande vppon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a longe while, and of the cuppe of thy hyghe displeasure I haue

dronke very depe.

There is no helth in my flesh for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor reste, when I beholde my sinnes.

My iniquitees be gone ouer my head: and like an heauy burden they daily presse me doune.

The woundes in my soule do fester and stinke euen thorough mine owne foly.

I am a wretche cast away frō thy fauour and presence, and go mourning all the day long.

My soule is full of filthinesse, and no part of me is whole and sounde.

Wherfore my enemies doe persecute me the more, the gretnesse of my peine maketh me to rore and crie.

My

My herte fainteth and trembleth within me, & my strength is gone awaie.

O lorde, thou knowest my desire, and thou seest my necessitee.

Forgeue me all my synnes (O lorde god almightie) for thy owne sake, and put out of thy sight my heynous offences, for according to thy goodnesse thou haste promysed forgeuenesse of sinnes to them that do penance.

Haue mercie on me lorde, for the glorie and honoure of thy name, and be no longer displeased with me, and then thou shalt surely be knowen to bee iust and true in thy wordes, and shalt ouercome when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy great grace shalbe knowen: that thou takest

mercie on them, which haue not wherof they may glorie in thy ſight.

And al the dwellers on the erth ſhall lerne and know thy goodnes, whan thou ſhalt conferre & geue thy benefites to vs for thy great names ſake, and not after our euill waies & wicked dedes.

Verily lorde god, excepte thou ſhew vnto vs thy manifold mercies, the worlde ſhall not haue life, nor they that dwell therin.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodneſſe, lowe may they, whiche haue offended, be reyſed vp from their ſynnes?

Haue mercy on me, O good father, haue mercy on me, and for thy glorious name, bee no longer angry with me.

Take

Take me sinner vnto thy mercie for the name of thi holy sonne Jesu, whom thou haste sente to be the obteiner of mercie for our synnes through faythe in his bloude,

Beholde holy father, beholde thy chylde, whom thou haste chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whom thy soule delyteth: vpon whom thou hast put thy holy spirite, and sent him to preche the gospel to the poore, to heale them, whiche for their sinnes be sorowful and contrite: to comforte theim that mourne, to preach pardon to the prisoners, and sight to the blinde.

Beholde thy littell one, whiche was borne for vs: beholde thy son whiche is geuen to vs,

whom thou haſt not ſpared, but geuen to death for vs all, to be a ſweete offerynge and a ſacrifice to thee.

Uerely he tooke vppon hym in his bodie, oure infirmitees, and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for our ſynnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vppon hym, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffred, our woundes were healed.

All we went a ſtray like ſhepe, euery one foloweth his owne waye, and thou (O lord) putteſt on him our iniquitee, ſtrikynge hym for the offences of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten and

and his chekes to be striken, he tourned not away his face from them that scorned hym, and spit vpon him.

Through his loue and mercie, he hath redemed theim that were loste, and by his bloudde shedde on the Crosse, he hath pacified all thinges in heauen and earth.

He gaue him selfe to death, & made his praiers for thē whiche were offenders.

Looke (O mercifull father) and cōsider, who it is that thus didde suffre: and remembre (I beseche thee) for whom he hath suffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gauest to death for vs, euen than whan we were

ſinners:and ſhall we not, beyng now iuſtified by his bloude,muche rather be ſaued from wrath through him.

If we,when we were yet enemies,were reconciled to thee by the death of thy ſonne: ſhall we not being reconciled, muche rather be ſaued by his life.

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whiche taketh awaie the ſinnes of the world,by whoſe precious bloud we ar redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vppon that moſte meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his death:and beyng moſt cruelly intreated, ones opened not his mouth.

Beholde thyne onely ſonne, whom although thou begatteſt

of

of thy almighty power, substãce and nature: yet thou woldest he shuld be ptaker of my infirmity.

Which being god in nature thought it no rauin to be equall with God, but made hym selfe low, taking vpon him the shape of a seruaunt, and comminge in the similitude of sinfull flesshe, condemned synne in the flesshe, submitting hym selfe vnto thee O father, euen to the deathe of the crosse, and there put out the hand writing that was against vs conteined in the lawe written, & taking it out of the waye, fastened it to his crosse, on the which he spoiled potestates and powers, and made a shewe of them openly, and triumphed ouer theim in his owne person.

Turne

Turne the eyes of thy maie-
ſtie (O lorde god) and loke vpon
the worke of thy ineffable good-
neſſe.

Behold thine own ſwete ſon,
how all his body was drawen
and ſtretched forth on the croſſe.

Loke vppon all the partes of
his bodie, from the crowne of
the heade vnto the ſole of the
fote, and no peine ſhalbe founde
like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louing father) the
bleſſed heade of thy deere ſonne
crowned with ſharpe thornes,
and the bloude rennynge downe
vpon his godly viſage.

Beholde his tendre body, how
it is ſcourged: his naked breſte
is ſtriken and beaten: his blud-
dy ſide is thruſted through: his
herte

herte panteth: his ſynewes bee ſtretched forth: his godly eyes daſell and loſe their ſighte: his princely face is wanne and pale, his pleaſant tongue is inflamed for peyne: his inwarde partes ware drie and ſtarke: his armes bothe blew and wanne be ſtiffe, his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautifull legges be feble and weake: and the ſtremes of bloudde iſſuyng out of his bodie, renne downe apace vpon his feete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humanitee and ientilneſſe of thy dere ſonne: and pitie the infirmitee of thy weake hãdy worke.

Beholde (O glorious father) the body of thy dere ſonne, all to rente and torne: and remembre

I be-

I beſeche thee, of how ſmal ſub-
ſtance I am.

Loke vpon the peine of him that is both god and man: and releaſe the miſery of mā, whom thou haſte made.

Behold the greuous ſuffering of the redemer, and forgeue the ſynne of him that is redemed.

Kepe me from all euill waies: and teache me by thy holy ſpi-
rite, to chooſe the waie of truth.

I beſeche thee (O thou kynge of holyneſſe) by hym that is moſt holie, by this my redemer Chriſte, that thou bryngе me a-
gaine into the right waie, that I maie be vnited and made one with hym in ſpirite, whiche ab-
horred not to be vnited with me in fleſhe.

Make

Make me to goe perfectly in thy pathes: and to hate all wicked wayes.

Wash my herte from malice, and clense me from my secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holie father) with the bloude of the newe testament of thy welbeloued son, whiche hath loued vs, and washed vs with his bloude from our synnes, and hath redemed vs from all iniquitee.

Purifie my hert by the sanctification of thy spirite, and the sprinklyng of the bloude of thy sonne, from all filthinesse of syn, and euill conscience.

O God almighty, be merciful vnto me sinner: for thy glorious name sake, and remembre my synnes

ſynnes no longer.

For thou art God, gracious and mercifull, and pacientlye doſt ſuffre vs: and woldeſt that no man ſhould periſhe, but that all men ſhuld returne to penãce.

Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll wayes and wicked thoughtes.

Remember not the ſinnes and abhominacions of my youthe: accordinge to thy mercy, be mind full of me for thy goodneſſe ſake O lorde.

Loke not vpon me with a greuous countenaunce: for there is no man that dare ſpeake for me.

Entre not into iugement with thy ſeruaunt, for if thou accuſe me, I ſhall neuer be quitte.

For if thou (O lorde) marke my

my synnes and iniquitee: who shall not fall before thee.

This is certaine and sure, that than in thy sight no man liuing shalbe iustified, seyng thou haste founde iniquitee euen in thy angelles.

Howe muche rather in man, which is abhomination and filthinesse, & dwelleth in the earthly house of this body, and drinketh iniquitie as it were water.

Who is clene from filthinesse whan al be corrupted: truly not one: no though he haue liued but one daie on the earthe: and though his monethes maie bee easily numbred.

Of a truthe there is no mortall man, whiche hath not done wickedly: nor ther is any right-

wise on earth, whiche doth good and sinneth not.

yet because mercy is in thy hande (O lorde) although thou be dredefull, my hope is in thee, in whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for thee, because mercie and plentifull redempcion is with thee.

For this I knowe assuredly, that thou wilt not cast me away for euer: but although thou cast me away for my sinnes a while, yet thou wilt haue mercie vpon me again, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lorde) art full of pitie and mercie: and wilte not turne thy face awaie from vs, if we will returne to thee.

Thou art our God, full of swe-

tenes

teneſſe, veritee, and pacience; and diſpoſeſt all thynges by mercie.

The fountaines of thy goodneſſe be euer full and flow ouer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies bee mercie and trueth to them that ſeke out thy couenaunt and teſtimonies.

Howe gentle and louinge the father is to his childzen, ſo gentle & louing arte thou (O Lozd) to theim that feare thee, and foz the habounda unce of thy mercie thou doeſt pardon our infirmities.

Thou knoweſt thyne owne handy wozke: thou remembzeſt what we are: thou ſeeſt that we are fleſhe, and of no ſtrength.

Thou haſt not fozgotten, that

this worlde is full of vnrighteousnesse and wickednesse: and that it is wholly sette and bente on euell.

yet neuertheles thou art mercifull, and full of grace, and like a mercifull lorde, forbearest to punish sinners, whan thei repent them selfe, and returne frō their sinnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord God my sauiour) for the glorie of thy name: and deliuer me, and forgeue me my synnes for thy names sake.

O rightuous father, loke not straitely vpon the multitude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne, whiche beyng without sinne, bare our synnes in his bodie on the tree

of

of the crosse.

Turne awaie thy face from my synnes: and put out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane hert in me (O god) and renue me with a right spirite.

Caste me not awaie from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comforte of thy helpe: and stablisshe me with thy mighty spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O Lorde God) that I may returne to thy pathes: for I haue wandred ouer longe in the waye of errour:

Tourne me to thee, and I shal be turned: for thou arte my maker: and I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face awaie frō me, noꝛ go not from thy ſeruant in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and foꝛſake me not, diſpiſe me not (O loꝛd) whiche art my God, and my health.

Amen.

The ſeconde Pſalme
Foꝛ remiſſion of ſinnes.

OMoſt mighty God of aungels & of men: whoſe iudgementes be vnſerchable: & whoſe wiſdome is pꝛofounde and depe.

Here the pꝛaiers of thy ſeruaunt: and caſte not awaie the humble ſuites of thy pooꝛe creature and handy woꝛke.

Foꝛ as longe as I ſhall liue, I wil ſpeke vnto the: and I wil not

not holde my peace, so longe as the breath is in my body.

I do turne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eies directly vpon thee.

Let thine angre be turned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I maie finde grace and fauour in thy sight.

According to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgeue me all my sinnes.

Plucke me awaie from mine heinous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free from the guilt of my transgression: for I acknowledge my iniquitie, and am sory for my sinnes.

I haue forsaken thy way, and I, knowynge thy commaun-

dementes, haue done al thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenaunt that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy lawe.

Verily I haue sinned against thee (O lorde God) and the blemishe of my sinne abydeth styll with me, euen vnto this day.

I haue forsaken thee (O God my maker) and gone away frō thee my sauiour, and haue rebelled against thee, like the ore that wynceth and stryueth whan he should be yoked.

I haue hardened my herte against thee: and I haue lyfted vp my necke proudely after my synne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and through deceit wold not know-

lage

lage thee: but I haue folowed the lewdnesse of my hert.

My pride and arrogācy haue beguyled me: and the foolysshe boldenesse of my herte hathe brought me into desolate ways.

Myne owne counsailes & aduyses haue wrought me these thinges: suche is the malice and rebellion that possesseth the hertes of men.

My soule is putte from quietnesse and reste, and I can not thinke of any good thing.

The yoke of my sinnes is waxed very heauy: it is lifted vp and fastned about my necke.

Thou haste spoken to me, but I wold not heare: Thou haste called me, but I would not answere, I beleued not thy wor-

des, nor would abyde thy counsaile.

I regarded not thi holy word: and I gaue not my mind to thy saiynges.

Thou haste striken me, but I woulde not knowe the cause therof: thou haste corrected me, but I would not take thy discipline.

I did not consider in my hert, that thou wouldest not forgette my sinne and malice.

With my mouth and my lippes I glorified the: but my hert was farre from thee.

I hid my sinne as Adam did: to the entent to haue my iniquitee vnknowen.

I axed not counsaile of thy mouth: and I would not folowe thy

thy lawe.

I haue sinned before thyne eies, and therefore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke thee, whiche arte the fountaine of continuall spryngyng waters: to the entent to digge to my selfe muddy pyttes whiche haue no water.

In all these thinges, I am not retourned to thee: Nor I haue not praied vnto thee, that I myghte leaue my wycked waies.

Se lorde, and beholde, howe vyle I am made: all the beaultie of my soule is perisshed and gone: in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon thee.

And there was no cause why

I

I ſhould forſake thee, and vainly folowe vaine thinges.

Lorde haue mercie vpon me, and heare my praiers: for thou arte my God, and there is no ſauiour beſides thee.

Turne away from me thy heuie diſpleaſure: and diſtroye me not for my ſinnes of my youth.

I humbly beſeche the (O lorde) forgeue me, forgeue me for thy exceding mercy.

O lorde God of hoſtes, if thou be determined to ſaue, who can let or reſiſte? if thou ſtretche out thy hande, who ſhall turne thee awaye?

Thou maieſt doe to me as the potter doeth to his potte: for (beholde) I am in thy hande, as the clay is in his.

Amend

Amende me (O lorde) but in mercie, not in thine angre, leaſt thou vtterly conſume me: make me to vnderſtande and knowe how hurtful and deadly a thing it is to forſake the, my lord god, and to caſte away from me, the feare of thee.

There is no man, that can heale me nor cure my plage: no man can deliuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundeſt and makeſt hole: whiche ſtrikeſt and healeſt againe.

My diſtruction cometh of my ſelfe: my helpe and ſaluacion ſtandeth onely in thee.

For none is like vnto the, thou art myghty: and greate is the name of thy ſtrength.

Turne me to thee (O lord) and

I ſhall

I shall be tourned: take awaye from me this synfull hette, that thy law may bringe forth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde, for thy goodnesse sake: and for the great loue that thou beareſt towardes me.

O lorde God (beholde) thou haſte made bothe heauen and earth by thy great myght: and nothinge is harde to thee.

Thou arte that puiſſant and mightie, whoſe name is the lord of hoſtes: great and meruailous in thy counſaile.

As ſone as thou haſte ſpoken the woorde, all thinges be done: as ſone as thou haſt commaunded, thynges be: and thy worde returneth not to the voyce and

with

without effecte.

Thou (O lorde God) shewest mercy vnto al: for thou canst doe all: and thou makest as though thou sawest not the synnes of men, because they should doe penance, and amende their liues.

For thou louest all thynges that be: and hatest nothyng that thou haste made: for nothynge thou madest or hast ordeined of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tendrest all men: for all thynges be thyne, & thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest ministre mercy, equitie, and iustice in the earthe: and therefore in these vertues thou greatly delitest.

Truly (O lord) y art rightuous & gracious, not withstanding I haue

haue offended the, transgressing thy couenaunt, and trespassinge against thee.

O lorde, thou hast seen all my abhominacions: looke on my cause, and consider, howe vyle & wretched I am: see and beholde my great confusion.

In the tyme of reconciliation heare me, and in the daie of saluacion haue mercy on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, & haue mercy on me, whiche haue none other helpe but thee: whose will nothyng can resiste: whan so euer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, which am a wretche makyng supplication vn to thee make me to truste in thy name: and deliuer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from hea-

uen

uen, O lorde, and looke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroy me not because of my iniquitee: but remembre the sorow and peine that I suffre.

Be not still angry with me (O lorde) forget all my sinnes, and remembre them no longer.

Let my praier ascende vp vnto thee: saie vnto my soule, Behold I am come to the, thy helth and thy saluacion. Amen.

The thirde Psalme.

For remission of sinnes.

O God eternall, iust and holy: whiche kepest couenant & mercy with thē that loue thee and kepe thy cōmaundementes.

Loke at me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I haue trespalled against thee: and done euill in thy sight.

Shewe foorth vpon me the tendre affections of thy mercy, that thy seruaunt maie haue an herte to praie vnto thee.

I humbly make my praier before thy face, not trustynge in myne owne rightuousnelle, but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy: and al my rightuousnelle is like a foule bloudy cloute.

Vnto thee (O lord) be iustice, mercie, and pitie: but vnto me be confusion and shame, for my iniquities.

Certainely euen from my beginnyng I haue vsed my selfe proudly

proudely against thee, doynge wickedly and ceassing not.

O lorde, thou haste redemed me, and yet I haue not ceassed to offende the, and my hert hath not ben streight in thy sight.

Thou hast taught and instructed me, and stablissyed my power, and I haue been euill affected towardes thee, beyng lyke vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pryde and presumpcion accuse me to my face, I am ouerthrowen in myne owne wickednesse: I doe seke thee (O lorde) I beseche thee, that I maie fynde thee: thou arte separated from me: for I haue gredily folowed filthinesse.

yet will I cause myne owne synfull wayes before thee (O

lorde) vntill thou haue mercie vpon me, and receiue me againe into thy fauour.

God forbid, that euer I should depart from thee again, and not dylygentlie seeke for thy promises.

I will neuer holde my peace, nor keepe silence: vntyll thou haue establyshed that couenant with me, whiche thou hast made and ordeigned in tymes paste:

That is to saye, like as the iustice of a iuste man shall not delyuer or saue hym, what time so euer he shall offende: So the wickednesse of a wicked manne shall not hurte him, what time so euer he shall returne from his wickednesse.

In

In hope of this (O Lorde God) I wyll tary thy pleasure: for thou art good to theim that trust in the, and to the soule that seeketh thee.

Thou kepest thy truthe for euermore: and the woorde whiche issueth furthe of thy mouth, shall not be voyde, and of none effecte.

Distroy me not (good lorde) for my sinnes: nor reserue not eternall punishement for me.

Open thine eies, and beholde the greatnesse of my peyne and affliction: for my iniquitee is greatte in thy sighte: and my sinnes haue broughte me into this trouble.

Distroy me not vtterly, nor

leaue me in my sinnes: for thou art God of mercy, and very gracious.

Execute not the punischemente vppon me, whiche thou haddest pourposed: do to me according to thy name: although my defaultes and sinnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my God: and thy name hath been put vppon mee: Leaue me not in the depenesse of my troubles.

Thou haste chastised and reformed many, and haste strengthed the wery handes, thy wordes haue set vp him that stagered: and thou hast made streight the croked knees.

Wherfore I will seeke thee O lorde

(O Lorde God) whiche haste wrought great thinges vnsercheable and innumerable.

Thou haste taken vppe the poor out of the duste, and haste exalted theim, whiche were abiectes.

For thou dooest deliuer the poore in his miserie out of the strayte and bottomelesse pytte of tribulaciyn: and out of the wyde mouthe of anguysshe and affliction, into reste and quietnesse.

Thou art gracious and mercifull, for that thou shewest mercie to theim, whiche bee not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very mercifull to them whiche diligently obserue and kepe thy lawes: and thou doest paci-

 ently

ently ſuffre ſynners : geuynge theim tyme and place, wherby thei may be changed from their malice.

Here me poore wretch making ſupplication vnto thee: for in the and thy name, I haue put my truſt and affiance.

Take me thy ſeruaunt vnto thee, and make me good, and let me not be diſappointed of that that I loke for.

Come againe (O lorde God) and ſaue my ſoule: diſtroye me not, whom thou haſte redeemed by thy great might and power.

Loke not vpon the hardnes of my herte, nor vpon my ſynnes: but like as thou haſte many tymes ſhewed mercie, ſo nowe bee mercifull and forgeue me.

Here

Here me (O lorde) and be pacified: regard my praier, and doe accordyng to thy great name.

O lorde, I loke to haue helpe and saluacion from thee: and this is my daily meditacion, and exercise.

For thy mercies be great: and thy goodnesse is inestimable.

Heare me nowe fauourably: and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the way of thy iudgementes I will loke after thee: my soule desyreth to magnifie thy name, and to haue thee in memorie.

Incline my herte to do thy commaundementes: and direct my waies euermore in thy sight.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaie from thy waies: nor leaue

me not nowe in the depenelle of my troubles.

Turne not thyne eies awaye from me: but teache me (O lord) to do thole thinges, whiche are pleasant in thy sight.

Make a perpetuall leage and couenaunte with me, that thou wilt put thy feare into my hert: that I neuer swarue from thee in all my life.

Withdraw not thy goodnes from me for euer, but keepe thy promise and fidelitee.

Be good vnto me with benevolence and fauour: for thou arte mercifull, and thy displeasure continueth not for euer.

Remembre me with fauoure and kyndnelle: and visite me with thy saluacion.

I

I knowe (O Lorde God) that thou art gracious and mercyfull, pacient, and of great mercifulnesse.

Thou art good and mercifull, thou kepest couenant and mercy with thy seruātes, which walke before the in their hole hert.

There is none other God but thou, whiche regardest and carest for all.

For thou hast ben euer verey mercifull to me: deliueryng my soule from the depe hell.

Let thy goodnesse (O lord) be euer with me, for all my wealth resteth onely in thee.

In the tyme of tribulacion I call vpon the (O lorde) for thou art nigh vnto theim, which call vpon thy holy name.

Suc-

Succour me (O God) and loke merily vppon me: shewe me the light of thy countenaunce: in thee my soule trusteth, and my herte reioyceth.

Let my praier come vnto thy throne: bowe downe thyne eare vnto my crie.

Here me nowe being penitent (O lorde) whom thou haste hytherto pacientlye suffred: to thintent I should repent and amend my life.

O God, I haue opened vnto the my life: saue me for thy name sake: for my trust is in thee.

what care I for worldly thinges: This one thynge onely I nede and desire, that I may find grace and fauour in thy syghte, wherefore I beseche thee (O lorde

lorde God) take awaie from me this peine and sorow: or at leaſt wiſe mitigate and aſſwage it, other by comfort or by counſaile, or by what meanes ſo euer it ſhall be ſine good to thee.

The fourth pſalme is a complaint of a penitent ſinner whiche is ſore troubled and ouercome with ſinnes.

O Lorde God mercifull and pacient: and of muche mercifulneſſe and truthe.

WWhiche for thy aboundant charitee, and accordinge to thy great mercie, haſt taken vs out from the power of darknes: and haſte ſaued vs by the fountaine of regeneracion and newe birth, and

and the renewynge of the holy ghost: whom thou hast shed vpon vs aboundauntly by Iesu Christe our sauiour.

If I haue founde grace and fauour in thy syght: suffre me to speake a worde vnto thee: and be not displeased with me.

Why doest thou euer forget me: and leauest me in the myddes of my troubles and euils?

Where is become thy zeale & thy strength? where is the multitude of thy tendre affections: and of thy mercies?

O lorde, may not he whiche is fallen, ryse vp agayne? or may not he, whiche hath gone away from the, returne to the againe?

Shal my sorow euer endure? shall my wounde be vncurable

and

and neuer healed.

Howe cometh it to paſſe, that I ſtill tourne awaie from thee: my ſynne daily increaſeth, and of my ſelfe I can not retourne.

In as much as it is not geuē to man to direct his owne wayes: neither to make perfect his owne proceedinges.

For in thy hande is the life of euery liuyng thyng: and the ſpirite alſo of euery man.

Thou ſhewest thy mercy to whom thou wilt: and thou art gracious to theim, whom thou fauoureſt.

Thou doeſt kill, and thou doſt quicken, thou leadeſt downe to hel gate, and bringeſt vp again.

Thy eies beholde the waies of euery man: and thou ſearcheſt

the

the hertes of men.

There is no place so secrete or darke, wherein sinnes maie hide them selues from thee.

Nor any man may so lurke and hide him selfe in caues: but thou shalt see him, whiche doest fulfill bothe heauen and earth in euery parte.

Why hast thou cast me away from thy presence? and takest me for thy enemy?

Why hast thou layde vpon my heade the heauy weyghte of my sinnes? seing no man is hable to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche? why destroiest me for the sinnes of my youth?

If I haue sinned, what shall

I doe to thee? and if my sinnes be increased, what shall I doe?

If I doe iustly, what shall I geue to thee? or what shalt thou receiue at my hande?

My wickednesse shall hurt my selfe: and my righteousnesse shal profite me:

The life of man is a temptacion vpon the earth: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I doe?

Shall any man bee founde cleane and without sinne before thee? or shall any man be without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man be pure from sinne in thy sight? or how may he, which is borne of a woman be righteous?

Remembre (O lorde) I beseche

thee, that thou haste made me of the earthe: and that thou shalte bryng me agayne into the duste of death.

My daies passe and vanyshe awaie lyke smoke: they waste dayly, there is no tarying.

My lyfe flieth away as the wynde: and considereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately borne into this world, and shortly I shalbe taken away hence by death, I neuer continue still in one state.

The dayes of my life be fewe, and short: thou haste appointed an ende, which I shal not passe.

Naked and bare I came oute of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I shall retourne againe: truely all men lyuyng

are

are vanitee.

Haue pitie (O lorde) on them that are in myserie: and dispise not the worckes of thy handes.

Though we sinne, yet are we vnder the: for we know thy power and strength: and if we sin not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Cease thy indignacion (O lorde) and tourne it from me: and cast all my synnes behynde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punyshement hath made me both feble and faynte.

For whan thou chastisest a man for his synnes, thou causest hym by and by to consume and pine awaie.

Whatsoeuer is delectable in

him, perisheth like vnto the clothe that is eaten with mothes.

WOuld god I had one to defende me a while, vntill thy anger were tourned away: or that thou wouldest sette me a tyme, in the whiche thou wouldest remembre me.

I am cleane cast away from thy presence: shall I neuer here after see thy face againe?

Beholde, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the dayes of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me rounde about: and the streames of thy furie renne ouer me.

And I crie vnto the (O lorde God) but thou heares me not: I aske mercie: but thou reiectest

cteſt my prayers.

WWhy thraſteſt thou downe a poore wretche from thy preſence? or why forſakeſt me ſo long time?

WWhy takeſt not away my iniquitee? and why putteſt thou not away the wickedneſſe of my herte?

Ariſe and tary no longer (O lorde) ariſe, and reiect me not for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce, I beſeche thee: for I throughly tremble and ſhake for feare.

yet I will not holde my tonge but crie ſtill vnto thee with a mourning and an heauy herte.

Turne away the ſtroke of thy vengeance from me: bryng my minde out of troubles in to reſt.

I am here no longer continuer, but a pylgrym and a straunger as all other mortal men be.

And what is man, that thou shouldest be angry with him? or what is mankynde, that thou shouldest be so heauy lorde vnto vs?

what, wilt thou bring sorowe vpon sorowe? I pant for peyne and synde no reste.

My sorowe greueth me whan I shuld eate, and sodeine sighes ouerwhelme my herte.

I am as if my bones were al to broken, whan I here myne enemies rayle vpon me, and saie to me day by day wher is thy god?

why tourneſt thou thy face awaye from these thinges (O lorde?) why hast thou no regard

of

of my trouble.

I earnestly make my prayers dayly in thy syght: and the heauynesse of my herte I doe shewe vnto thee.

My spirit is careful and troubled within me: and desperacion hath entred into my herte.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde God) to caste away thyne owne handy worke?

Delyuer my soule from corruption, and my life from euerlasting darkenesse.

What auaileth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou cast me streight into damnacion? seyng that the dead shall not prayse thee, nor any of theim which goe downe to hell.

I haue sinned, what shall I

do to the: why hast thou put me to be contrary to the: I am wery of myne owne selfe.

WWhy sercheſt thou out my sinnes so narowly: whan there is no man that can take out of thy hande:

If I would saie, that I were rightuous and without sinne: than thou myghteſt worthyly condemne me to the fyre prepared for the deuil and his angels, But I confeſſe, that I am a sinner, and I doe humble my herte in thy sight.

Surely if any man wold stãde with the in iugemẽt, he shal not be able to answere one worde to a thousand thynges, wherwith thou mighteſt charge him.

This maketh me to feare all my

my dedes: knowyng that thou spareſt not him that offendeth.

If I loke vpon thy power, O howe mightie and ſtronge thou art (if I ſhall cal for iudgement, who ſhall defende my matter, or ſpeake for me?

To the (O lord) I cal and cry: to thee my God, I make myne humble ſuite.

Turne away thine angre from me: that I may knowe, that thou art more merciful vnto me than my ſinnes deſerue.

What is my ſtrength, that I may endure? or what is thend of my trouble, that my ſoule may pacientlye abide it?

My ſtrength is not a ſtonie ſtrength: and my fleſhe is not made of braſſe.

There is no helpe in my selfe, and my strength fleeth awaye from me.

Although thou hyde these thinges in thyne herte: yet I knowe, that thou wilt remembre me at length.

For thou art true and iust (O lord god) thou doest not condēne vniustly: which rewardest man according to his desertes.

All this is come vnto me because I haue forgotten the: & not vsed my selfe truely in thy testament.

My hert hath tourned backward: and I haue folowed the desires of my flesche.

And thou hast surely knowen this thing: whiche knowest the secretes of the herte.

Lay not against me (O lord) the

the ſinnes of my youth: nor haue in remembraunce mine olde iniuries done againſt thee.

Daily ſorow ouercometh me: and ſadneſſe poſſeſſeth my herte, I loke after peace, but I can not haue it: I loke for a time of helth but my griefe continueth ſtill.

When the time of thine angre is paſt, let mercy come, yet am I vnhappy more and more.

wo and alas that euer I ſinned: my hert therfore mourneth and is ſad, all mirth and ioye be baniſhed from me.

How am I waſted? how miſerably am I confounded? becauſe I haue forſaken and caſte away thy lawe.

Death hath aſcended vp by the windowes: perſing the inward

partes

partes of my herte.

whan I daily, one while muse secretely with my selfe, an other while with loude voyce crie out and complaine: the meane tyme my life draweth nere to the pit.

Who shall geue me a place to rest in from all my griefes and troubles? and I wyll forsake all men, and get me away from theim.

Who shall geue me water to my hed, & a fountain of teares to mine eies? that I may bewayle my sinnes both night and daie.

And I will loke for him, whiche may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrath to come.

I haue no trust neither in life nor death: but I feare thy iudgement (O lorde) and the peines

pre-

prepared for wicked sinners.

The feare of my sinne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my cõscience oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tendrely louest mankinde, and arte most rightfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseche the, and shewe me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that which I feare, put away that whiche I dread: before I depart hence, and shall not retourne againe.

My sinnes do vexe and trouble me sore: they be so great that none can be greatter.

Alas my fal, alas my misery, alas the griefe of my plage, and stroke: certeinly my sinne is the cause of all this, and so I wyll take and suffre it.

The fifth psalme,
For the obteining of godly wysdome.

O Lord god of mercie, which by thy worde hast made al thynges: and by thy wysedome hast created man.

O God eternall, to whom all thynges be knowen, be they neuer so secrete: which knowest al thinges before they be done.

Open my lyppes, and my mouthe, that I maie speake and shew forth the glorie and preyse of thy name.

Geue me a newe herte, and a right spirite: and take from me all wicked and sinfull desires.

O lorde, I am foolish, ignorant and blind, whan I am destitute of

of thy knowlage.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulnesse is so great, that my eyes can not see, nor my herte perceiue.

yea I am a very babe and a childe, and know full littel mine owne life and conuersacion.

My lippes be defiled and vncleane, my time is short, & I am not able to vnderstand thy law. Geue thy seruaunt, I beseech the, an herte apt to take learnyng: that I may knowe what thyng is acceptable in thy sight at all tymes.

Sende down from heuen the spirit of thy wisdom, & replenish my herte with knowlage therof.

Thy wysedome, geueth true knowelage: and oute of thy mouth

mouth procedeth both counsaill and intelligence.

Thy wysedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tonge of infantes eloquent.

If any seme to bee perfect emong men: yet if thy wisedome forsake hym: he shall be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy wisedome is to menne a treasure that fayleth not: which who so vse, thei are ioined to god in loue and amitie.

How wel is it with that man whiche is witty in this behalf: and hath his soule indued with thy wisedome.

What man in all the world knoweth thy counsaile: or who can compasse in his minde what thy wyll is:

who

who can comprehēd thy purpose and mind: except thou geue him wisedome, and instruct him with thy holy spirite.

For mens reasons doe faile in many thynges: and their forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortal & corruptible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthly house of the body holdeth downe the mind musing vpon many thinges.

Counsayle and good succesle commeth from aboue: where also wisedome is and vertue.

¶ With the (O lord) is riches, glory, and rightuousnes, which be treasures incorruptible.

He that hath founde out thee: hath founde lyfe: and he that

loueth not thee, loueth death.

O lord god, touche my mouth that my iniquitie maie bee dryuen awaie: dwelle thou in my herte, that my synnes maie be purged.

Wisedome doeth not entre into a malicious soule: nor will abyde in a body, whiche is subiect to synne.

Teache me (O lorde god) least my ignorauncе increase, and my synnes waxe mo and mo.

Let my spirite teache me the thynges that be pleasaunt vnto thee, that I may be led into the streight way out of error, wher in I haue wandred ouer longe.

Let thy wisdome be stablished in my spirite: and write thy law in my herte.

Thy

Thy wisedome is to me more precious then all riches: and I desire more to haue it then al other thynges, be they neuer so faire and goodly.

O Lorde thou knowest, howe sore I am inflamed with the loue of thy wysedome, whiche is my only study and meditacion.

O how pleasant and swete thy wordes be to my herte: truly muche more than hony is to my mouthe.

Thy worde is a bright cãdle to my feete, & a light to my waies.

Thy wisedom pleseth me more then thousandes of golde or of siluer can doe.

I haue more pleasure and delectation in the waie of thy wisedome: then in great abundance

of treasure.

Vvoid god my waies may be ordered, that I may lerne thy wisedome and thy wordes.

Thy worde geueth heate and inflameth: wherfore I greatly desire it.

O happie is he (lorde) whom thou instructest: and makest lerned in thy lawe.

His soule hath alwaie studied wisedome: and his tonge shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of god shalbe written in his hert: and he shall not be ouerthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my god and my sauiour, here my praier, and my tongue shall euer speake and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome whiche is assistent

assistent to thy throne: that I may discerne betwene good and euill, and maie knowe thy holy misteries.

Opē mine eies that I may perceiue and behold the wonderful thinges whiche be in thy lawe.

Remembre thy worde now I call vpon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to knowe the waye of thy wysedome: and hyde not thy knowledge from me.

Order me according to thy mercie, and disapoint me not of that I loke for.

Teache me right wisedom and intelligence: for thy wisedom is all that I desire.

Put thy worde in my mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my

herte.

Lette thy wisedome rule and guide my thoughtes: that they maie alwaie please thee.

Thy wordes be wonderfull & meruailous: wherfore my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wysedome is perfect: and thy knowledge is clere, and geueth light to the eies.

It is more amiable then gold and precious stones, it is farre swetter then the hony combe.

Thy wisdome is pure and vndefiled, & maketh soules strong: thy wordes be certain and true, and geue vnderstandinge vnto the simple.

Whan shal he that erreth in his spirite haue knowlage? and whan shall he that is ignorant haue

haue learning.

When wilt thou send downe thy holie spirite from aboue: whan shall the blynde herte bee lightned with knowlage: whan shall the tongue that stamereth be made eloquent.

I am like a babe without wisdome and discretion: lette thy strong hande (O lorde) be my healpe.

I knowe that thou canst doe all thynges, and no thyng is harde to thee.

Thou arte greate (O lorde) and canste not be knowen, and thy wisedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause before the: do with thy seruant according to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me, and haue mercy vpō me: that I may bring to passe that, whiche I beleue & thinke may be done by thee.

Make the way of thy wisedom knowen vnto me, and replenische my herte with the knowelage therof.

Here my voyce (O lord) accordyng to thy mercie: intreate me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely art good and wise: and there is none other sauiour beside thee.

Here me (O lord) for thy name sake: and withhold not thy mercie from me.

My lippes shall speake and set forth thy laud and praise: whan thou hast taught me thy wisdōe

Then

Then I will declare thy mer-
uayles: that other also maie be
conuerted vnto thee.

And maie blesse thy name for
euer, world without end. Amen.

The sixte psalme.

A christian man praieth, that he
maie be heard of God.

O Lorde heare my praiers:
and let my cry come to the.
Turne not away thy face from
me in the daie of my tribulacion.
What day so euer I shal call
vpon the: here me (O lorde god)
For thou arte great and wor-
kest wōders: thou only art god.
Also thy workes be great: thy
thoughtes bee very profounde
and depe.

Bowe downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I am poore, and without helpe.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) for when trouble cometh, I flee vnto thee for succour.

Make glad the soule of thy seruaunt: For I haue lifted vp my hert vnto thee.

O lorde, thou art good & mercifull: and of muche mercie to al them that call vpon thee.

Heare my requeste and peticion: and graciously accepte my prayers.

O lorde god, in the I trust: let me not bee confounded, I beseche the: Deliuer me in thy righteousnesse.

Herken vnto the voyce of my crie (O my kynge and my God) for

For I make my humble suite vnto thee.

Here my voice, with which I cal vpon thee: haue mercie vpon me, and saue me.

My prayers be euer vnto thee (O lorde God) if that the tyme of thy gracious pleasure shall come, whan that according to the multitude of thi mercy thou wilt here me in the truthe of thy health.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord) for thy mercie is sweete, according to the multitude of thi mercies, loke vpon me.

Goe not farre away from me (O my god) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be plesant vnto the: & make that the thoughtes

tes

tes and meditacion of my herte maie be acceptable afore thee.

Turne not away thy face from thy seruaunt, for trouble riseth vp against me on euery syde: wherfore now succour me.

My hert desireth the, my soule seketh for thee: I tary and loke whan I maie beholde thy face.

Turne not away thy face from me, cast not away thy seruaunt in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwaies helped me before this time: forsake me not now in my most nede, O my lord and my God.

To thee I crie daily, go not away from me: and turne not the deafe eare vnto me.

Cause my praier to entre into thy presence: & let my crie come vnto

vnto thee.

Hear me (O lorde) for I liſte vppe my mynde vnto thy holie temple.

Helpe nowe in time of trouble, for vaine is the helpe of man.

I loke after thy helpe (O lord) and to thy iudgementes my wil is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie vpon me: for I am poore and lefte alone.

O lorde God of hoſtes, if thou wilt, thou maieſt helpe me: nothing can ouercome thi ſtrēgth.

My god, my god, leaue me not in theſe greuous tribulacions for thy great names ſake.

O god, make haſt to deliuer me, O lorde make ſpede to helpe me.

Be cōtented to deliuer me: for

in thee I truſt (O lorde god.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitee.

I am poore, and in miſerie, and great calamitee: and my ſtrength is gone from me.

Ariſe vp (O lorde) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunt.

Let ſaluacion and helth come to me from thee: that all my enemies maie be aſhamed.

Thyne arme is mightie and ſtronge: and whan thou wylt, al thinges be obedient vnto the.

Heauen is thyne, yea and the earth is thyne: thou madeſt the world, and all that is therin.

Let thy mercie comfort me: which ſurely I deſire more than this life.

I ſticke

I sticke to thy testimonies (O lorde) let me not be confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde:) lorde heare my voyce.

O let thine eares marke wel the voyce of my complaint.

O lord, if thou impute my sinnes vnto me: howe maie I loke for thy grace and pardon?

But thy mercie excedeth all thynges: and thy trueth passeth the heauens.

Wherfore my soule hath loked to thee: and to thee maketh humble prayers.

O God, be not styll, keepe not silence: but for thine owne sake, see that thy holy name bee not dysho-

dishonoured.

Extend out thy mercy to them that call vpon the, and thy righteousnesse to theim that seeke thee.

I haue cast my burdein vpon the, beare me vp: and lette me not alwaies be in wauerynge, seyng that I haue put my trust in thee.

My soule cleaueth vnto thee: make thi right hād to strēgthen me against the power of myne enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and deliuer me: incline thine eares vnto my prayers, and saue me, for I am poore: O lord, haue regard vnto me.

Thou (O lorde God) art my helpe and my sauiour.

O god

O god, thy waie is holy and rightfull, what god is so great as thou (our god) art.

Thou doest meruailous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely art the highest vppon all the earth.

Be now pacified toward thy seruant: and hyde thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (Lorde) as thou arte full of goodnesse thy selfe, that I may glorie in thee all the daies of my life.

My lippes reioyce to synge praise vnto the: and euen so doth my soule, whiche thou hast redeemed.

My herte shall alwaies studie thy rightuousenesse, whan they shall be confounded, whiche seke

to do me harme.

I will renne all the waie of thy commaundementes: whan thou shalte dilate and inlarge my herte. Amen.

The seuenthe psalme.

For an order and direction of good liuyng.

TO the (O lorde) I lyfte vp my minde.

In the I trust (O lorde god) let me not be confoũded, lest my enemies make me theyr iestyng stocke, and a matier to laugh at.

O lorde, make thy waies knowen vnto me: and trade me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy trueth, and instructe me: for thou arte god my

my sauiour: I loke after the e-
uery daie.

O lorde thou art sweete and
rightfull: and bringest agayne
into thy waie, theim that went
out.

Thou leadest streight in thy
iudgement them that be mylde
and tractable: and teachest them
that be meeke, thy woordes and
testimonies.

Thou healest them that be
contrite in herte: and asswagest
their peynes and griefes.

Thou holdest vp al them, whi-
che els shuld fall: and al that are
fallen: thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geuest syghte to the
blynde, and losest them that be
bounden.

Thou art nygh vnto all them

that cal vppon the: ſo that they call vppon the faithfully and hertily.

Thou fulfilleſt the deſyre of them that feare the: and heareſt their prayer, and ſaueſt them.

Haue mercy vpon me (O god) haue mercy vpon me: for in the my ſoule trusteth.

Verely my ſoule hath a ſpecial reſpect vnto the: for my helth, my glory, and all my ſtrength cometh from the.

For thine owne ſake (O lorde god) laye not my ſynnes to my charge.

I vnderſtande not all mine errours: innumerable troubles cloſe me rounde aboute, my ſynnes haue taken holde vpon me: and I am not able to loke vp.

Put

Put to thy hande to helpe me: and leade me right in all my woorkes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy waies, that no kynde of synne ouercome me.

Set a watche before my mouthe: and keepe the dooze of my lippes.

Let the wooꝛdes of my mouth and the meditacion of my herte be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy syght.

Leat the wooꝛde of trueth neuer go away from my mouth: and suffre no malice to dwell in my herte.

O looꝛde, deliuer my soule from lying lippes: and saue me from the deceitfull tongue.

Put into my mouthe thy true

and holy worde: and take cleane from me all ydle and vnfruitefull speache.

Delyuer me from fals surmises and accusacions of menne: Rule me euen as thou thynkest good, after thy will and pleasure.

Turne awaie mine eyes, that they beholde no vayne thinges: fasten them in thy way.

Take from me fornicacion and all vncleannesse: and let not the loue of the flesshe beguile me.

yea delyuer my soule from pryde, that it reigne not in me: and than shall I be cleane from the greattest sinne.

Stay and keepe my feete from euery yll waie, least my steppes swarue from thy pathes.

My

My eies loke euer vp vnto the (O lorde) because thou art nigh at hand: and al thy waies be the trueth.

Thy mercies be great and many (O lord) blessed is he, who so euer trusteth in the.

For whan I saied vnto the, my feete bee slipped: Thy mercie (O lorde) by and by dyd hold me vp.

Teache me to do thy will, and leade me by thy path waie, for thou art my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and deliuer me from the power of darkenelle.

Leat the bryghtnelle of thy face, shyne vpon thy seruaunte, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fled for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I am desolate and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me, that I be not confounded: for I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: although I haue done no good in thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me, that at the lest wise now I may be ginne to liue well. Amen

The eyght psalme.

A christian man prayeth, that he maie be defended from his ennemies.

O God almightie, saue me from mine ennemies: and by thy stronge power defende and

and kepe me.

Preserue my soule, for thou art holy: saue thy seruant, whiche trusteth in thee.

For straungers do assaute me dayly: and seke my soule to dystroy it.

O god helpe thou me: O lord, deliuer me from them that ryse vp against me.

Be ready (O god) to succour me: make haste to helpe me, O lorde.

Be thou my protectour and a place of strength: wherin I may safely be.

For thou art my strength and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine enemies: & caste

me not away in the tyme of tryb-
bulacion: when all my mighte
is decayed and gone.

Healpe me (O lorde god) and
saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord)
the god of my health: and in thy
righteousnesse deliuer me.

From the vexacion of theim
that persecute me: from the as-
saulte of mine ennemies: whi-
che compasse me about on euery
syde.

Let them be confounded and
brought to naught, whiche bee
aduersaries vnto my soule: leat
them be couered with shame &
rebuke, whiche seke my hurte.

Leat them tourne backe with
rebuke and shame, whiche saie,
god hath forsaken him: leat vs

sette

ſette on him and take him: for there is none that ſhall delyuer hym.

Conioyne thy ſelfe (O god) vnto my ſoule: make it ſtrong, and delyuer me from mine enemies.

Diſtroy them by thy power: and bryng to naught all theyr ſtrength.

That they reioyce not and ſaie amonge them ſelues, we haue ouercome him, and vtterly caſte hym downe.

Saue me (o lord god) for in the haue I truſted: ſaie to my ſoule, be not afraid, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what ſhal come of me, deliuer me frō mine enemies, for yet they ceaſe not.

Their cruelty encreaſeth daily more and more, and companies

of

of tyrauntes violently come on me, and they haue not the before their eyes.

But thou (O lorde) art gracious and mercifull, and suffrest long: and thy mercie and trueth be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: and indue thy seruant with some of thy strength: for I call vpon the, and ernestly make my praiers in thy syght.

My ennemies reioyce, that I am fallen, and that mi hert hath turned out of thy waie.

But I trust in thy mercy, and my hert is comforted, in hope to haue helpe & saluacion from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercie endureth euer, and thy trueth continueth from

one

one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioyce in the, and be glad, whiche seke the: and let them, which loue to haue saluacion of the, saie, Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The ninthe psalme.

Agaynste ennemies.

SE lorde and behold, how many they be which trouble me, how many, which make rebellion against me.

They say amonge them selues of my soule: there is no helpe of god for it to trust vpon.

O lord god, in the I haue put myhope and trust: saue me from them, whiche dooe persecute me, and deliuer me.

lest

Lest peraduenture at one time or an other they take my life frō me: and there be none to deliuer me from them.

Haue pitie vpon me (O lorde) Loke vpon the affliction, which I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore seruant, suffer not them, whiche bee oppressed to loke for helpe alwaies in vayne.

Put them to flight: disapoynt them of their purposes: Cast thē downe hedling as their wickednesse hath deserued, for they are traytours & rebels against the.

Let their power be brought to nought: and theyr wickednesse light vpon their owne heades.

Leat the wicked sinners returne into hell, and let them fall

and

and be taken in the pitte, whiche they haue digged.

I will truste in the (O lorde) whiche sauest theim, that in the put their confidence.

They say, that thou forgettest thy seruauntes, and that thou hidest thy face, because thou wilt not see theyr trouble.

Theyr pryde is to vs muche griefe and veracion: and they glory and triumph in our trouble and aduersitie.

How longe (O lord) wilt thou stande a farre of, and hyde thy selfe in the tyme of tribulacion?

Howe longe shall the wicked dispise the? and say in their hert, that thou regardest nothynge.

Rise vp (O lorde) stretche out thy hande: forgette not theim:

which

whiche be oppreſſed.

Bring downe the power of the wicked: that they may perſhe together with their wickednes.

Let thy zeale ſodenly come vpon them: the firy thunderboltes, and the ſpirite of the whirle wynde be porcion of their parte.

Preuent me in the daie of my tribulacion: and deliuer me out of my diſtreſſes.

Haue mercy vpon me, for I am troubled on euery ſyde: and my ſtrength is decaied through mine iniquitee.

Mine enemies ſpeake of me muche ſhame and rebuke: and they are holely bent to take my life from me.

The peines of death compaſſe me rounde about: and the flud-

des

des of mi ſinnes trouble me ſore
The ropes of hell be tyed roud aboute me: and I am wrapped in the ſnares of death: and whiche waye ſo euer I goe, I fynde ſtumblinge blockes, to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp (O lorde) and puniſhe this naughtie people, and delyuer me from my deceitfull enemies.

Here me in the daie of my tribulacion: Let thy mighty name defende me.

For thou arte my fortreſſe, and my glorie: and bearеſt vp my weakeneſſe and infirmitie.

Saue me lorde I beſeche thee, that mine enemies preuayle not againſt me.

Powre out thy indignation

vpon them: and let the wrath of thy fury vexe and trouble them.

Let them be confounded for euer: yea let them tremble and perysshe together.

Let thē fall into the depe pit: & neuer be able to rise vp againe.

That thei may know thy name to bee the lorde of hostes onely mighty and highe, worlde without ende. Amen.

The tenth psalme.

When the ennemies be so cruel that he cannot suffer them.

HAue mercie vppon me (O god) for mine enemie treadeth me vnder his feete: he ceasseth not to assaulte me, and to do me muche griefe.

He

He alwaies coueteth to ſwalow me vp: and many there be that proudly brag and crake againſt mee.

They gather them ſelues together in corners: they watche my ſteppes, how they may take my ſoule in a trappe.

They be like vnto a lyon that is greedie of his praie, and like a yonge lyon they priuely lie in waite for me.

They do beſet my waies, that I ſhoulde not eſcape: they loke and ſtare vpon me to take me in their ſnare.

Thei haue prepared a net for mi fete: thei haue digged a depe pit, that my ſoule might fal therin.

Make me ſtrong (O lorde god) by thy might and power: make

my waie perfite before the.

Kepe my steppes continually in right pathes, lest perchaunce my feete beginne to slippe.

I am so vexed, that I am vtterly wery: healpe me againste them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercie to be meruei-lous in me: & delyuer my soule out of their handes.

Hide me from the company of the wicked, and from the rage of them that worke iniquitie.

According to thy great mercie quicken me, that now in my sorow I be not brought vnder the power of mine enemy, which rageth against me.

Send forth thy lyght and thy trueth, and they shall leade me into thy holy hill, and into thy

taber-

tabernacles.

Instruct and teache my handes to battaile: make my armes stronge like a bowe of steele.

Girde me with strength to bataile: ouerthrowe them that arise againste me.

Instruct me in the way, wherin I maie walke: prouide for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe mine enemies before my face: and destroye them that hate me.

Lest mine enemies ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to be stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioyce and be glad of my fayl and declinacion: they be assembled together against me:

they ſtrike to kyl me in the way
before I may beware of theim.
They curſe and ban my wood-
des euerye daie: and all theyr
thoughtes be ſet to do me harm
My life is as it wer in the mid-
des of fiers lyons: whoſe teeth
be lyke vnto ſpeares: and theyr
tong ue like a ſharpe ſwoorde.
And who ſhall ſtand with me a-
gainſt al theſe? or who ſhal ouer
come theſe worckers of iniquitie?
They ſhal flee and renne away
(O lorde) aſſone as thou rebu-
keſt them, from the voyce of thy
thunder they ſhall ren hedlyng.
whiche lokeſt vpon the earth,
& it holely quaketh: which tou-
cheſt the hilles, and they ſmoke:
Iugemēt procedeth frō thy face,
thine eies do approue equitie.

Kepe

Kepe me (O lorde) from myne aduersaries: and vnder the shadow of thy wynges defend me.

Judge them that hurt me: fyght agaynst them that fyghte with me.

Let them go backewarde and haue yll lucke, whiche persecute me: put them to shame, that wil my hurt.

Make them to be as duste in the wynde: and let thy aungell vexe and disquiet them.

Let them vanishe awaie lyke smoke: and as waxe melteth with the heate of the fyre, so leat them perish (O lorde) from thy syght and presence.

Beat them dowue, that they be not able to stand: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di

ſtroied them.

Make their waies darke and ſlippy: and let thine aungel fierſly go vpon them.

And thou (O lorde God) haue mercy vpon me: ſend me helpe, and than I ſhalbe able to reſiſte them.

For I am weake and in ſorow: geue thou me helthe and ſaluacion.

Let thy hand correct and chaſtiſe me: but deliuer me not vnto myne ennemies.

My ſoule is fylled with the ſcornyng and deriſion that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the diſpytefulneſſe of the proude.

My ſoule is cleane diſcouraged within me: it groneth & freteth

in

in it selfe agaynste me: yet wyll I trust in the: for that I shall eftsones geue the thãkes againe for the helpe and saluacion that thou sendest me.

For thy very trueth now helpe me, O thou which art my helth and the hope and comforte of all regions of the earth, and of the maine sea.

whiche by thy power rulest from the begynnyng: thyne eies beholde all thinges.

what god is there but thou? who is so stronge as thou our god?

In thy protection I will trust vntill iniquitie bee passed and gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

The. xi. psalme.

Of confidence and
trust in god.

O Lorde, which art my light and my healthy: of whō shal I be afraid?

O lorde thou arte the strength of my lyfe: in the I will euer trust.

For lyke as the herte, (when he is chased) coueteth to the ryuers of water: euen so (O lord) my soule desyreth to bee with the.

My soule thirsteth to be with the: for with the is the fountaine of life and recreacion in aduersitie.

Here in this worlde is labour and peyne: calamitie and miserie.

miſerie,

we haue battayle dayly with enemies: we haue no reſt here ſo longe as we liue.

But when ſo euer we put our truſt in thy helpe: thē we ſhalbe ſure by thy protectiō: ſaiyng vnto the, Thou art our defendour, our refuge, and our god, and in the we truſt.

Thou ſhalte delyuer me from the ſnares of the hunters: and from the perilles of my perſecutours.

Thou ſhalt make a ſhadow for me vnder thy ſhulders: & vnder thy wynges I ſhalbe harmles.

Thy trueth ſhalbe my ſhielde and buckeler: and no euill ſhall approche nere vnto me.

And therfore if my ennemies

ſhall

ſhall warre againſte me, that thei may deuoure me holely: yet I will not flee, nor tourne my backe.

Although neuer ſo ſtronge enemies ſhall pitche their tentes againſt me, my hert ſhall not be afraide: if death ſodeinly come vpon me, in the will I reſt without fearte.

Thou ſhalt hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduerſitie thou ſhalte hyde mee in ſome ſecrete place of thy tente: thou ſhalte ſette me vpon a ſure rocke.

Thou ſhalte lyfte me vp aboue my ennemies, beſiegynge me rounde aboute: and thou ſhalte delyuer me out of theyr handes.

If

IF I shal walke in the middes of tribulacion, thou shalte kepe me, and shalte stretche foorthe thy hande agaynst myne ennemies: and thy right hande shall saue me.

O lorde, thou shalte dooe and bring to passe al thinges for me, thy mercie endureth euer: thou wilte not dispise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me out of the nette, which mine ennemies haue spredе abrode to catche me in: thou shalte take me oute of their pitte.

O how great be the good thinges, whiche thou laiest vppe in store for them that feare thee: which also thou shewest to them that trust in the, euē in the sight of

of the childzen of men.

Thou hidest them in the secret place of thy countenaunce frou trouble of ennemies: and from their contencions.

O lozd, what a pzecious treasure is thy goodnesse: and men shall trust in thy pzotection.

They shall be fylled with the plentifulnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them dzinke of thy ryuer of deinties.

They shall dzynke with the of the fountaine of lyfe, and in thy lyght they shall see lyght.

Thy righteousnesse is as the hygheſt mountaines: and thy iudgementes bee lyke vnto the depe bottomlesse waters.

Thy mercy stretcheth vp to the heauens: and thy trueth ascendeth

cendeth vp to the same.

O lorde god, thou hast euer from age to age, ben our refuge and succour.

Before the foundacions of the earth were laide, without beginnyng and endyng thou art god.

O my god, thou hast helped me euer from my youth: and vntill my olde age, and last daies forsake me not.

I will acknowlage, that I haue all my strength of the, for thou art my protection, my god, and my sauiour.

And therfore what tyme so euer I shall be afraied: I will trust in the.

what tyme so euer I shall call vppon the: I knowe that thou art my god.

Kepe

Kepe thy mercy for me alwais: and the cnuenant that thou hast made with me, lette it be surely perfourmed.

And if I haue swerued from thy lawe, and not walked in thy iudgementes.

If I haue broken thy statutes, and transgressed thy commaundementes.

Then with thy rodde visite myne offences: and with stripes correct my trespasses.

But take not thy mercie away from me, nor let not thy promise be voyde and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that thou haste made with me, and change not that whiche hath issued out of thy mouth.

For in the (O god) our health and

and glory doth consist, thou art our helper, in whom we do euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, which trust in the, shal not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is confounded? or who hath called vpon the, and thou hast despised him?

For thy name sake (O Lorde) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they bee manie and greuous.

Thou art a sure stay to theim that dread the: and shewest them thy testament.

And vnto the I crie (O Lord) & I beleue, that thou wilt saue me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalt redeeme my soule

in peace from the wrath, which is to come in the last daie.

I wyll offer vp to the sacrifice of laude and praise: and I will rēdre vp my vowes to the, whiche art the highest.

The wicked watche and looke to destroye me: but I truste in thy mercie.

Thou art my protectour, and my buckler: my god, my strēgth my refuge and deliuerer.

I tary and loke for healpe frō the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lorde, what great pleasures thou hast prepared for me in heauen: that I shoulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the:

My most pleasure is to cleaue fast vnto the: and in the to sette my

my hope and truſt.

I commit my ſpirite vnto thy handes: delyuer me from the powers of darkeneſſe of this woꝛlde. Amen.

The twelfth pſalme.

If god deſer to helpe longe tyme.

OMy god, my god, why foꝛ ſakeſt thou me? why loꝛeſt not vpon my neceſſitee?

Shal thy mercie faile foꝛ euer? wilt thou neuer be pleſed moꝛe?

How longe wilt thou be miſcontented with me, O loꝛd? wilt thou kēdle thine anger thꝛough ly as it were fyꝛe?

whan wilt thou haue any regarde to delyuer my ſoule? to delyuer my life from deſtruc-

cion of enemies.

Howe longe shall I crie, and thou wilt not here? howe longe shall I make exclamacion for ye rie peine, and thou wilt not saue me?

O lorde god of hostes, howe longe wilte thou be angry with the praiers of thy seruant?

Come againe vnto me (O god my sauiour) and take awaie thine indignacion against me.

When thou art tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before, shal take ioie and comfort of the.

Let thy hand be to helpe man, whiche is thy handie woorke, whom thou haste exalted and magnified to set forth thi glory.

Mine

Myne enemies liue welthily and are strong: and thei whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde daiely.

Thei dispraise & set at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comfort.

They saie to me daiely, Thou trustest in god, let him delyuer the, and saue the: if so be that he beare loue and fauour towards thee.

They leape at me as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wicked barke at me: they beset my handes and fete round about.

O lorde, goe not farre awaie from me: thou art my strength: make speede to helpe me.

Delyuer my soule from death,

turne my waie from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of lions: and saue me from the depe lake.

Thou arte both holie and stronge, and no man is able to resyste the: when thy anger is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O lorde?) or which of all princes shall not obey the?

The earth trembleth and quaketh for feare of thine anger: and the people shall not be able to abide thy thretnyng.

Helpe me, O lorde god my sauiour: and for the glorie of thy name delyuer me: and forgeue my tresspasses.

For I doe vtter and expresse myne

myne iniquitie vnto thee: and my ſynne greeueth me verye ſore.

Ariſe vp (O lorde) and helpe me: and deliuer me for thy mercies ſake.

O God, my refuge, and my ſtrengthe, whiche haſte been euer a greatte healpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddeſt receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came out of my mothers wombe, and thou waſt my helper, whan I ſucked my mothers breaſtes.

I was lefte to the as ſoone as I was borne, euen from my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

withdraw not thy ſelfe farre awaie from me: for tribulacion

is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine enemies compasse me round about: my persecutours besiege me on euery syde.

And I am feeble and weake and sore broken: the peine of my herte maketh me to grone and sygh.

I am as the water that is cast forth: my strength is gone and vtterli dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) haue mercie vppon me: and impute not my sinnes vnto me, whiche I haue done by foly.

Remembre not my sinnes passed, let thi mercies preuēt them: for I am in a meruailous wretched case.

I am

I am wekened and cleane out worne: and go mournyng euery daie.

And now (O lorde) what loke I after? verely my soule loketh to the for helpe.

Shewe now and declare thy goodnesse to me, and withholde not thy helpe from me.

My soule is replenished with troubles and aduersities, and draweth nere vnto deathes dore

I am in great pouertie and nede, and my herte is sore troubled within me.

Cast me not awaie in the tyme of my moste necessitee: and now whan my strength faileth me, faile not thou me, O lorde.

Deliuer me from mine ennemies: and make me not a moc-

kyng ſtocke to theim, that ieſt & raile vpon me.

Saue me from theſe roaryng lions redy to deuoure, and from the handes of them that woulde haue my life from me.

I doe crie to the (O lorde) for thou art my hope, and my porcion in the lande of liuers.

Bring my ſoule out of pryſon, and ſet mi feete in a place, where I maie walke at libertie.

Turne not thy face away from me, leaſt I be made lyke vnto them that diſcende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my praiers for I am puniſhed and brought very low.

Deliuer me from my perſecutours: for they be muche ſtronger than I.

O lorde

O lord, here me spedily, lest my spirite faile within me.

Deliuer my soule out of trouble, and in thy mercy distroy all mine ennemies.

And make them to perish, whiche wolde distroy me: for I am thy seruaunt. Amen.

The. xiii. psalme.

In whiche he geueth thankes to god that his ennemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of him.

I will magnifie and praise thee (O lorde god) for thou haste exalted me and set me vp: and my enemies haue not gotte the ouerhande of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the: & thou hast saued me.

Thou

Thou haste brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden me vp from fallynge into the deepe lake, from whence no man retourneth.

Thou haste not closed me vp in the handes of mine ennemies: but thou hast sette my feete in a place both wide and broade.

I haue sought the, & thou hast herd me: thou hast brought me into liberty out of great distres.

Thou hast turned my sorowe into gladnesse: thou hast ceassed my mournynge, and compassed me round about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy great magnificence in healpynge thy seruaunt.

Thou hast done mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou

Thou haſt regarded the peyne of the pooze: thou haſt not turned away thy face from me.

I wil euer be ſingyng and ſpekyng of thy mercies: and I will publiſche to other thy fidelitee & trueth ſo longe as I ſhall lyue.

My mouth ſhall neuer ceaſe to ſpeake of thy righteouſneſſe, & of thy benefites: whiche be ſo many, that I can not numbze them

But I will geue the thankes till death take me awaie: I wil ſyng in the pzaiſe of the, ſo longe as I ſhall continue.

I woyll triumph and reioyce in thy mercie, foz ỳ thou haſt loked vpon my neceſſities, & regarded my ſoule in my great diſtreſſe.

Thou haſt ben my ſure refuge, and the ſtrengthe of my truſte,

and

and hope.

I thanke the lord for thy goodnesse alwaie: and for thy exceedyng mercy.

Thou hast bene my comforte in the time of my trouble, thou hast ben mercifull vnto me (O lorde) and haste reuenged the wrongeg that mine ennemies haue done to me.

Accordyng to the multitude of the heauy thoughts that I had in my mind, thy comfortes haue chered and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me now ioy for the daies wherein I was in sorow: & for the yeres in whom I suffred many a peinfull stor me.

Thou hast called to remembrauuce the rebuke that thy seruant hath ben put to: and howe

furiously mine ennemies haue persecuted me.

O lorde god of hostes, who may be cõpared vnto the? thou art great & greatly to be preised

Thou arte hygh vpon all the earth, thou arte exalted farre aboue all goodes.

Glorie and honour before thy face: holinesse and magnificence in thy sanctuary.

With iustice and iudgemente thy royall throne is stablished: mercy and trueth be before thy face.

Blessed art thou (O lord) whiche haste not holden backe thy mercie from thy seruaunt.

After that I had longe loked for the (O lorde) at the last thou dyddest attende vnto me, and hardest

hardeſt my crie.

Thou haſt taken me out of the lake of miſerie: and ſet my feete vppon a rocke, and made my ſteppes ſure.

Thou haſte geuen me my deſyre: I haue ſene thy ioyfull coũtenaunce.

Thou haſt ſtriken all my aduerſaries and haſt abated their ſtrength.

Thou haſt rebuked the rablement of them that vexed me: and haſte plucked me foorth of theyr handes.

Thou haſt caſt them headelynge into their owne pitte: theyr feete bee wrapped in the nette, whiche they layed priuily for me.

Myne ennemies are reculed backe

backe: they are falleu down and distroyed from thy syght.

Thou hast bene the poze mans defence, and his helper in tribulacion, when most nede was.

Thou haste done iudgemente foz me: thou hast defended my cause against my accusars.

And although thou were very angry with me a little whyle: yet now I liue through thi mercy and goodnesse.

Uerily I supposed with my selfe, that I was cleane caste awaie out of thy fauour.

But thou hast heard my prayers; and accozding to thy great mercie hast taken me againe into thy fauour.

O lozd, of thine owne minde and wyll thou haste geuen strength

vnto my ſoule: but when thou hydeſte thy face from mee (O lorde) howe greatly was I aſtonied?

When I was in aduerſitie, then I cried vnto thee: and thou dyddeſt aunſwere me: when my ſoule was in greatte anguyſhe and trouble, then (O lorde) I did remembre the.

I haue taſted and ſeene howe ſweete thou arte: truely bleſſed is that man that truſteth in the

Accordyng to thy name, ſo is thy commendacion and prayſe: but thy counſayles touching vs be without example, and greatter then can with wordes be expreſſed.

Dominion, power, and glory be thyne: for thou haſt made all

thynges:

thynges: and because thy wyll is so: they doe still continue.

Thy name be blessed, praised, and magnified both now and euer and worlde without ende.

Amen.

The. xiiii. psalme.

In the which the goodnes of god is praysed.

O Lord our gouernour, how wonderfull is thy maiestie throughout the whole worlde: whiche hast set thy glory aboue all the heauens.

what is man that thou magnifiest him so greattely: or the sonne of man that thou doest visyte him:

O lorde, thou arte great and

 muche

muche to be prepsed in thy holy hyll.

Praise be vnto the (O lorde) god) let our vowes made to the be alwaies performed.

Confession and magnificence are thy woorke: and thy righteousnes continueth for euermore.

Thou hast done many thinges (O lord god) both merualious and great: and ther is none that can be like vnto the in thy woorkes.

Thy waies be iuste and true, who will not feare and dreadde the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lorde god) with all my hearte: and I wyll halow thy name for euer.

O lorde thou arte my strength and my prayse: Thou haste brought

brought downe mine ennemies which art a iudge euen from the beginnyng.

Thy right hande is excedyng stronge: thy right hande wooꝛketh many great actes.

Thine arme is mightie and stronge, and becauſe it hath pleſed thee, thou haſte ſtrengthned mine infyrmitie.

I wyll prayſe thy greatte and dreadefull name: for it is holy.

Although I haue fallen, yet I am not cruſhed in pieces: for thou haſt ſuſteined my hande.

I haue opened and ſhewed my way vnto the: and in the I haue truſted, and thou at length haſt accompliſhed my deſyres.

Thou haſt broken the heades of mine enemies, and haſt made them to ſtoupe: whiche walked proudly in their ſinnes.

Thou haſte dominion ouer theyr power, and whan they be exalted and ſette aloſte in theyr waies, thou abateſt theyr courage, and deſtroieſt them with thy mightie arme.

In thy name I will euer reioyce, and in thy mercy is all my glory.

Thou loueſt righteouſneſſe and iudgment: the earth is replenished with thy mercie.

Thy eye loketh fauourably vpon them that dread thee, and truſt in thy mercie.

There ſhall no good thynge be lackynge to theim that ſeke the, and

and they that feare the, shal not be helpeleſſe.

For thou doeſt order their waies, and heareſt them whan they crie vnto the.

That thou maieſt deliuer their ſoules frō death: & ſwage their peines when they be greued.

For thou helpeſt them, whoſe hertes be broken with ſorowe: and beareſt vp with thy hande them that bee contryte in ſpyrite.

Thou ſaueſt the ſoules of thy ſeruantes, and all thei that truſt in the, ſhall not be deſtroied.

wherfore my tonge ſhal ſing thy praiſe (O lorde god) I will alwaies magnifie the.

I will loue the (O lorde) whiche arte my ſtrength, my ſtaye,

my myght, my ſauiour, and my refuge.

My god, my defender, and my buckeler, the ſtrength of my ſaluacion, and my ſuppoꝛter.

After that I had called vpon the with due laude and prayſe, thou haſte ſaued me from mine enemies.

whan I was in trouble I called vpon the, thou haſt hard my voyce out of thy holye temple, and my crie hath entred vp into thine eares.

Thou haſt ſaued me from myne aduerſaries, that roſe vp agaīſt me: thou haſt deliuered me from wicked enuemies.

Thou haſt taken me from the company of euyll men, and mine crie hath ſene vpō mine enemies

the

the thinges that I desyred.

And therfore if it should fortune me to passe through the darke vale of death: I will goe without feare: for thou wilt be with me, thy rod and thy staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalte deliuer me from tribulacion: thou shalt kepe me from them which seke to distroy me.

Mine eies be vpon the (O lorde) for thou shalt bringe my feete foorth of the snare.

Unto the (O lorde god) I will performe my vowes, I wyll geue the thankes both now and euermore, and worlde without ende. Amen.

The fiftenth psalme.

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the same.

My soule prayseth thee (O lorde) and al that is within me prayseth thy holy name.

My soule geueth the humble thankes, and thy benefyttes I wyll neuer forget.

which forgeuest all my sinnes: and healest all my infirmities.

whiche haste saued my lyfe from destruction: and shewed in me thy grace and mercie.

which hast satisfied my desyre with good thinges, and shalte ones restore my youth againe.

Thou hast intreated me mercifully at all tymes, and hast reuenged me of mine enemies.

Thou

Thou haſt beene a defence to me (O lorde) and a ſure foundacion of my wealth.

Thou haſte guyded me with thy counſayle, and taken me to the, through thy mercie.

Thou haſte many waies declared in me thy greatte mighte and power, and after thine angre hath bene paſte, thou haſte tourned againe & comforted me.

Thou haſt ſente me many greuous troubles, but at the lēgth thou haſt brought me out of the bottomles depeneſſe.

Thou haſt made me priuie to thy waies, and haſt not hyd thy counſailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie and grace (O lorde) ſlowe to wrath, and ready to goodnes.

Thy

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaie, & thou kepest not backe thy mercies in thine angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not accordyng to our sinnes, nor punyshest vs accordynge to our desertes.

Loke how hie the heauen is, in comparison of the earth: so great is thy mercy toward vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so farre (O lorde) remoue our sinnes from vs.

Like as a natural father hath pitie vpon his children: euen so (O lorde god) thou hast had cõpassion vpon vs.

Thou hast not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that we

we ar fleſhe, yea all men liuyng.

And that thage of men is lyke vnto graſſe, and may be compared to the flowers in the fielde.

whiche as ſone as the ſharpe wynde hath blowen vpon them with his blaſtes, wyther away and die, ſo that no man can tell where they did grow.

But thy mercy (O lord) and thy louyng kindnes is alwaies vpon them that feare the: & thy rightuouſneſſe endureth euer.

So that we kepe our promiſe and couenaunt with the: and ſo remembre thy commaundemen tes, that wee doe them in deede.

O lorde, thou haſt ſtablyſhed thy throne in heauen: and thou gouerneſt all thinges by thine imperiall power.

I

I will magnifie the (O god) and praise thi name world with out ende.

I will geue the thankes alwaie, and make thy name glorious for euer.

O lorde thou arte puissaunte & great: and thy magnificence is vnserchable.

One generacion shall shewe to an other thy woorkes, and thei shal declare thine aunciente noble actes.

Thei shal euer praise the magnificence of the glory of thy holines, & the memory of thy great goodnes.

For thou art good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie excedeth all thy woorkes.

The eyes of all men beholde and

and wayte vpon the: that thou shouldest geue them theyr sustenaunce in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hande, and fillest euery liuing creature with foode necessary.

O lorde, thou art rightfull in all thy waies, and holy in al thy deedes.

Thou keepest all them, that loue the, and the torment of males shall not touche them.

My mouth shall speake thy glorie and praise, and all liuyng creatures shall honour thy holy name for euer.

Praise the lord, O ye his aungels myghtie in power, whiche do his commaundementes, and obey the voyce of his worde.

Prayse ye all together God.

O ye

O ye, all his hostes, you his ministers, that doe his will and pleasure.

Praise the lorde as I doe, and let vs magnifie his name together.

Prayse the lorde, O ye all his sainctes, for his name is glorious, and his praise goeth aboue both heauen and earth.

Praise the lorde together, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, praise ye the lorde.

Amen.

FINIS. XV. PSALMORVM.

The

The. xxi. pſalme.

Dauyd.

The complaint of Chriſte on the croſſe.

MY GOD, MY GOD, why haſte thou forſaken me? it ſemeth that I ſhall not obteyne deliueraunce, though I ſeeke for it with loude cries.

My god, I wyll crie all the day longe, but thou wilt not anſwere: and all the nyght longe, without takyng any reſt.

The meane tyme thou moſte holieſt, ſemeſt to ſytte ſtyll, not carynge for the thinges that I ſuffre: whiche ſo oft haſt helped me heretofore, and haſte geuen

to thy people Israell, sufficiente argument and mattier to praise the with songes, wherwith thei haue geuen thankes to the for thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte to put their trust in the: and as often as they did so, thou diddest deliuer them.

As oft as they cried for helpe to the, they were deliuered: as oft as thei committed them selfe to the, they were not put to any shame.

But as for me, I seeme rather to be a worme than a man: the dongehill of Adam: the outcaste of the vulgar people.

As many as haue seene me: haue laughed me to scorne, and reuiled me, and shakynge their heades

heades in derision at me: they cast me in the teeth saying:

He is wonte to boste and glorie, that he is in great fauoure with god: wherefore lette god now deliuer him, if he loue him so well.

By thy procurement (O lord) I came oute of my mothers wombe: and thou gauest me good comforte: euen whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

Through thy meanes I came into this world: and as sone as I was borne, I was lefte to thi tuicion: yea thou wast my god, whā I was yet in my mothers wombe.

wherfore goe not farre awaye from me: For daungier is

euen nowe at hande, and I see no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in, both strong and fatte, they haue compassed me rounde aboute.

Thei haue opened their mouthe against me, lyke vnto a lyon that gapeth vpon his praye, and roareth for hunger.

I am poured out lyke water, and all my lymmes loosed one from the other, and my herte is melted within me as it were waxe.

All my strength is gone and dried vp like vnto a tile stone, my tongue cleaueth to the roofe of my mouth: and at the laste I shall be buried in the earthe as the deade be wonte.

For dogges haue compassed me

me rounde about: and the moſt wicked haue conſpired againſte me, they haue made holes thorough my handes and my feete.

I was ſo vngentilly intreated of theim, that I mighte eaſilie numbre all my bones: and after all the peyne and tormente that thy did to me, with greeuouſe countenance they ſtared and loked vpon me.

They deuided my clothes amonge them, and caſt lot for my cote.

wherfore lorde, I beſeche the, goe not farre from me: but for as muche as thou arte my power and my ſtrēgth, make haſt to helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule from daungier of the ſwerde, and kepe my

life destitute of all mans helpe, from the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouth of the lion, and take me from the hornes of the vnicornes.

I wil shew vnto my brethern the maiestie of thy name: and whan the people is most assembled together, I will praise and set forth thy most worthy actes and deedes.

All that worship the lord, praise him, all the posteritee of Iacob magnifie him, all ye that bee of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour him.

For he hath not despised and set at naught the poore man, because of his miserie: nor he hath not disdainfully tourned awaie his face from him, but rather

as

as ſoone as the poore man cried vnto him for helpe, he herd him by and by.

I will preiſe the with my ſonges openlie in a multitude of people, and I will perfourme my vowes in the ſyght of theim that honour the.

The poore ſhall eate and be ſatiſfied: they ſhall prayſe the lorde, that ſtudie to pleaſe him: and as many of you as continue ſtill ſuche, your hertes ſhal lyue.

All the endes of the worlde ſhal conſyder theſe thinges, and be tourned to the lorde: and all heathen nacions ſhall ſubmitte them ſelues, and do homage vnto the.

For the lorde hath a power royall, and an imperial dominion ouer the heathen.

The moſt mightie and greateſt of all theim that dwell on the earthe, haue eaten, and after that they haue taſted the ſpirituall giftes of the lorde, they haue ſubmitted theim ſelfe, and made humble ſuite vnto hym: yea and all the dead, whiche are buried in the earth, ſhall kneele and make reuerence in his honoure, becauſe he hath not diſdayned to ſpende his owne lyfe for theim.

They that ſhall come after vs, ſhall honour and ſerue him.

Theſe thinges ſhall be written of the lorde, that our poſteritee maie know & vnderſtand them.

That

That they also maie come and shewe these thinges to the people that shall be borne of theim, that the lorde hath doone these thynges, whiche bee so meruailous.

A psalme of thankes geuynge.

Iubilate deos omnis terra.

REioyce and syng in the honour of the lorde, al ye that liue on earth.

Woorshyp and serue the lorde with gladnesse, come into his syght and presence with ioy and mirth.

Acknowlage you, and confesse, that the lorde is that god, whiche hath created and made

vs, for truly we made not our selfe, but we bee his people and his flocke, which he nourisheth and feedeth continually.

Goe ye through his gates to geue him thankes for the innumerable benefytes, whiche ye haue receiued of him: and to singe thorough his courtes his worthy actes and deedes: praise him, and highly commende his name.

For the lorde is bothe good and gracious, and his merry is infinite: he is moste constant in keepynge of his promisses, not to one generacion onely, but euen to all.

A prai-

A prayer for the Queene.

O Lorde Jesu Christe, moste high, moste mightie, kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princes, the very sonne of god, on whose right hande syttynge, dooest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with moste lowely hertes we beseche the, vouchesafe with fauourable regarde to beholde our most gracious souereigne lady queene Elyzabeth the firste, and so replynishe hir with the grace of thy holy spyrite, that she alwai incline to thi wil, and walke in thi way. Kepe hir farre of from ignorannce, but through thy gyfte, let prudence and knowlage alwaie abound

bounde in hir roial hert. So in-
ſtructe hir (O lorde Jeſu) reig-
nyng vpon vs in earth, that hir
humayne maieſtee, alway obey
thy deuyne maieſtie in feare and
dreade. Indue hir plentifully
with heauenly giftes. Graunt
hir in health and welth longe to
liue. Heape glorie and honour
vpon hir. Glad hir with the ioy
of thy countenaunce. So
ſtrengthe hir, that ſhe
maie vanquiſhe
and ouercome
all hir and
our foes,
and be dread and feared
of all the ennemis
of hir realme.
Amen.

A prayer for men to say entring into battayle.

O Almighty king and lorde of hostes, whiche by thy angels, there vnto appointed, doest minister bothe warre and peace: in whiche dyddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strength, beyng but a litell one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with his slynge to set vpon, and ouerthrow the great huge Goliath: our cause now beyng iuste, and beyng inforced to intre into warre and battaile, we moste humbly beseche the (O lorde god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our enemies to the desyre of peace, that

that no chriſten bloud be ſpilte: or elſ grant (O lorde) that with ſmall effuſion of bloudde, and to the litle hurt and domage of innocentes, we maie to thy glorie obteyne victorie: and that the warres beyng ſoone ended, we maie all with one herte and mind, knit together in concorde and vnitie, laude and praiſe the, which liueſt and reigneſt worlde without ende.

Amen.

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Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.